

The Gazette

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE



The Gazette

SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

The voyage of life! It comes home to every man, woman, and child. Each takes active part in this all-important voyage. It is a voyage which ends either in eternal misery or eternal joy. It may be likened to a vessel. With sails set and every rope and spar in place she sails out on her voyage into the broad smooth ocean. All goes well for a time until a storm comes up. The black, lowering clouds betoken a storm, and the storm comes so violently. The scene is changed; the waves beat against and over the gallant barque; her timbers creak; she is carried by the force of the storm on to the rocks and becomes a shattered wreck.

How true in the life of every drunkard, swearer, and sinner! Many of those come into the world with overbright hope and prospect, but the hand of God is upon them. They pray at their mother's knee, they receive all the blessed influences of an early

plious training. They attend the Sunday school class. They leave the home of their youth with all the blessed surroundings, and with wide spread sails catching every favorable breeze they start on the voyage of life. But the devil, the enemy, the tempter comes in like a flood; temptations are yielded to; the once good and godly youth or fair young girl yields to the wily tempter and from step to step, down the broad road they go, each step bringing them to the awful end which surely awaits all who become the random servants of the devil.

The voyage of life! How awful it is! How real it becomes! What journal and newspaper reader hangs on the doorway. "Lord, God help every reader to see this great matter in the light of eternity and ask themselves if they are on the right road for heaven." The poor, the full of poor, the struggling, faltering mariners. For years these poor sinners, drunkards, and

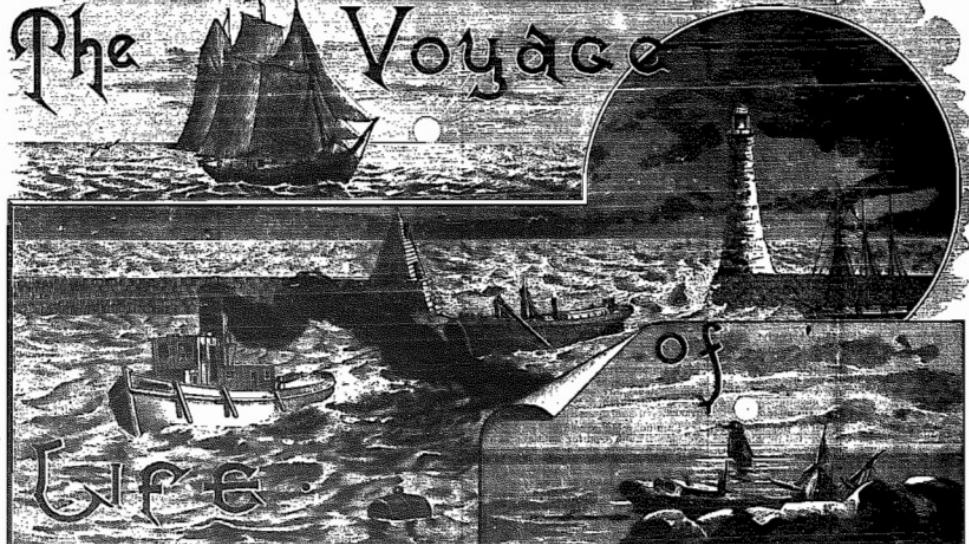
harlots have been tossed about by the angry waves of sin and woes. Loudly they cry for help. "What can the church do?" asks the General, and how true this is. "With such monetary power and influence, with means of great profit and gain, and works of God, with all the greatest success for work among the destitute and fallen, we cannot but reiterate the words with great earnestness, 'The church can save the world when it likes.'

What a cruel set of men a life boat crew would be if they saw the ship tossing about, heard the screams and cries for help from the drowning mariners, and yet on account of the fierceness of the storm, flatly refused to push off their boat and go to the rescue. And yet how many Christians there are, by reason of the indifference, and the sheer apathy of their lives, doing this very thing. They witness the human wrecks floating about in the tempest. They see the faces with painted faces, they hear the cries of the poor destitute little children, and so

cold-blooded have they become that they take no notice of it whatever, but pass on, till they find that for such a course there is a great reckoning day coming on, when they too shall find themselves among the lost and damned, for did not Christ say, "The least of these my children ya did ye unto Me. Depart ye cursed."

Oh, may God through this picture and the story of the life boat crew, bring all such lukewarm Christian followers to a better sense of duty.

It is quite a common complaint made against the Army that we praise up and exalt the organization above all others. God forbid. But when we look out over the world and see what God Almighty has done through the weak efforts of one man and his few converts, we are constrained to feel compelled to exalt the Army, which is being used of God in such a wonderful manner in bringing the world to His feet, surely we have a perfect right to love the concern, and to be proud of it, especially so as we feel so confident that all this is God-prompted and God-ordained.



We thank God for the many lighthouses, the many Salvation forts established throughout the earth. We give Him glory for the nine thousand gallant officers who have left all to come to the gallant tug, which is in the above cut towing the wrecked vessel into the harbor? Oh, the thousands of drunkards who have been saved during the past ten years! Can one? How can we describe the thousands of once miserable homes made happy through the great salvation from drink and sin which we owe to the tug about?

"Once I used to peddle lager beer, but now I peddle Salvation," said a brother recently in the general assembly on West Street.

So truly this brother has seen the great change, and throughout the whole Dominion can be found scores of such saved drunkards.

The God-fearing Salvation Army tug, which goes bravely and fearlessly to the rescue of poor sin-blighted, down-trodden humanity. Drunkards, harlots, loafers, wife-beaters, thieves, robbers, swineherds,

gamblers, and all kinds of disreputable wretches and sinners are coming to the Cross and finding mercy and pardon.

We thank God for the past and take courage for the future. From what we learn the future in Canada will be a still brighter one.

The Commissioner has decided to start the Prinsep Gazette weekly, and we trust that those interested persons will meet at the prison gates and taken to a House, where they will be able to earn an honest living.

Other Reconcile Houses are to be opened in various centres of the Dominion. A Home for destitute and outcast orphans to be started, and we are expecting great help from officers and friends in this special work.

Our readers will be able to read in this issue what the renowned Henry Ward Beecher has said about our great Reform movement in the Old Land, and we thank God that people are becoming more and more interested in this great Salvation Army movement, which shall yet revolutionize the world. All things are possible with God.

While rejoicing over our successes we do not forget the great work still undone.

We must put up more fog horns; we are in need of hundreds of godly brave young men and women as officers; we must have more money to buy more boats and more wheels; we want thousands of Christians to take an interest in the Army, to find out what we are, what we are doing, and what we propose to do. We must do a great deal of surveying to analyze our work, and if convinced some practical aid so that we can work more effectively. Next, we propose to open the Harbour of Peace and the crowds of drunkards and sinners of all kinds.

Then there are great armies of children, boys and girls, who are to be won to the cause of God. Let us stand about the awful sins which surround those who have been ensnared by the devil. We have sent out the lifeline to save the children. Daily the interest in this special work is increas-

ing. Grand reports of its success flow into the War Office week by week. We want more savioirs of the children; they must be saved.

Oh, all over the Dominion comes up the cry, "Come over and help us!" Now ye sit-at-ease people, awake! awake! I am the lifeboat, go to the rescue, do something for God. Let us all help him. See how the world feel that Jesus still lives, and that He still can, will, and does save people from their sins.

He will help us, but He will equip and give power to the weak who will boldly take their stand for God and right. We still need hundreds of men and women to go into the army of God. Let us call loudly for helpers and workers to go forth into His vineyard, for those who will man the hallelujah lifeboat and sail across the sea of sin and iniquity to resume the glorious warfare.

Oh, let this article be a means of stirring every reader up to a man-e of duty, and whatever you do, obey God at all costs.

READABLE SNACKS

Picked up Around the Camp on Wells' Hill.

The first Sunday's fight was a musical one. All over the camp vendors were enacted, no less than 20 coming to the rescue.

Civie Holiday in camp will soon be forgotten. Crowds of people gathered in the grounds. They got the benefit of the band, the organ, the singing, the breezes of blessing which continually swept over the meetings. Oh it was good to be there.

One of the converts at the camp said while at the pentecost-form: "I had got out of the camp, but when I got back to the railway track, in this broad land, we talked to me of my guilty state, and I had to rush back to the camp and save myself."

The Commissioners was in command, and God had him with divine power. Oh, how near we were to heaven. When the meetings went! God seemed to set every Christian and soldier at perfect liberty. The camp was a great digger, and the renowned No. 1 Jimmy kept them all in the mounds.

Joe Addison, his new song "God save old Brown," It is a real original song, and the old veterans, D.O. Marshall, Capt. Charlton and Mrs. Dawson, and others, a joyful audience, for the first time gathered in the Unionville comrades arrived on the camp at twelve noon.

I was glad to notice a lot of old veterans on the camp. They had been there since Glover, D.O. Marshall, Capt. Charlton and Mrs. Dawson, and others. A joyful audience, for the first time gathered in the Unionville comrades arrived on the camp at twelve noon.

I saw that the officer at the Rescuo Stal had a good business with the articles made by the men. They had gathered round the stall their faces presented greatest interest. The Special Reserve Department was the place where work more prominently before the people.

It was a pretty and attractive sight to see the tent set down outside made of the tent, and the men in the camp, who were gathered round, each partaking of their meal. This was also well patronized.

Staff-Capt. Sweetman did his best to make the meetings lively by the interest he took in the services. The Salvation Army Band, which was composed of the War Boys. The bands of the other city corps did their best to forget not the Commissionaires' concert, and was well received.

"If a man does not care for his health, he can never be happy, eat better, sleep better," said Capt. Sweetman.

"I can't get too high, keep low or the Lord will knock your head off," said the leader. "Brother Duncan has got a lot of old timers who have been hard to get along with in Canada. Then with telling effect and power brought them along, so that they trembled. It was a grand meeting, and tumbled."

"If a man does not care for his health, he can never be happy, eat better, sleep better," said Capt. Sweetman.

"I am a 'Niger-Jumper' in the midst of a small crowd of wicked young men, and was praying earnestly for them, so much that the boys had to rush from the place with the paper to be illustrated with pictures of hell, and the fires of hell. It will be most interesting." — E. W. B.

Dotted Down at the Camp Meetings.

BY MARION LARSON.

"I am breaking the record every day," was that testimony of a brother in the camp. "The Capt. told us to go to the meetings, so the privilege is ahead, 'tis now day, the night cometh on. I am still 'on' for the meetings."

How the Capt. Shut Him Up.

It was a desperately hard station, and the poor capitalist as a last resource, went to a prominent member of the — Church for a contribution towards a tea he was getting up to keep things afloat.

The church member taunted him with the fact that the Army in that town was not doing much, and the man was forced to admit that that particular officer had not done much to improve things.

Brother Duncan remarked that there are some who are doing people good, and some who are saving themselves, and that the poor capitalist had very little peace. Oh no, he had.

Now I am a Commissionaire put his arms round the man, and said, "You have taken too much whiskey." "I've studied Greek, Latin and Hebrew," said the poor capitalist, "but I have not studied the scut." Converted drunk, liar, gambler, and boldy testified to his great spiritual salvation.

The meeting on the night of Toronto's Civic Holiday will not be forgotten. In truth, it was a grand meeting, assisted by Mrs. Adams, Col. Young and others. In it the Commissioners visualized a great future for the Army, and the salvation of the poor prisoners and others. The great expressness the crowd showed in their enthusiasm.

"I feel like a young robin" shouted an older veteran as he gave his testimony. A dear old soul, with a quiet speech, he had a good plint to give him his true character, to show him up in his true colors. The old soldiers, who had been here, had got during those camp meetings, a lot more than a few hours of rest.

"Devil! Devil! Devil! Devil!"

"I should hear our dear Commissionaires in their meetings, and I would say, 'I have a good plint to give him his true character, to show him up in his true colors.'

He had been saved for 72 years.

"Surely

the Lord is good."

He had a great deal of difficulty in finding the key of Jimmy the well-drunkard.

"There are two sides to a case, I

was a drunkard.

God said,

"Be a

drunkard,

and I

will

be a

drunkard,

and I

CORPS

Report Competition

Just a glance at the figures below will give each D.O. and F.O. a clear idea as to how his or her Division or Station stands in the important matter of War Cry station reports. We shall continue this week to week:

Hamilton Division	Major Cooper
Kingston	Major Baugh
Montreal	Major McLean
Manitoba District	Major Morris
Toronto Division	D.O. Marshall
Kitchener Division	D.O. McLean
Chatham Division	D.O. McIntyre
Peterboro	Major Spooner
Waterloo	Major McLean
British Col. District	D.O. Grayson
Edmonton	Major McLean
St. John	Major McLean
London	Major Phillips
Woodstock Division	D.O. Sharp
Palmerston District	Adj't. Leonard

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OUT AND INTO.

BY H. J. DEAN, DUNDAS.
"He brought us out! He might bring us in."—Dent, v. 23.

(Reprinted by request.)

Out of the dead and barrenness of death,
Out of the dried and pernicious sleep,
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of the quiet and pestilent chains,
Out of the pain and the pang and the pain.

II.

Into the light and glory of God,
Into the life and health, gladness and the kiss,
Into the arms of Christ, that all will
come to him in contact, receive that which
is his, into the scene of infinite bliss,
into the quiet and pestilent chains,
into the pain and the pang and the pain.

III.

Wonderful love that has brought all for
us. Wonderful work that has classes us free,
Wonderful ground upon which I have
come. Wonderful welcome home.

Out of diseases and pain complete,
Out of the strands of weary defeat,
Out of my sorrow, and burden, and shame,
Out of my guilt and the censure's doom,
Out of the dredging, the torments, the gloom.

IV.

Out of the scene of forlornness and rest,
Out of the innermost of all the thorns,
Into a righteous and permanent peace,
Into the greatest and fullest release,
Out of the gloom and the gloomiest gloom,
Into a perfect and confident joy.

V.

Wonderful holiness bringing to light,
Wonderful grace putting all out of sight,
Wonderful power nothing can stay stay,
Out of the darkness, and gloom, and gloom.

VI.

Out of the horror of being alone,
Out and forever of being my own,
Out of the longings which nothing could
Out of the bitterness, madnes, and strife,
Out of myself and all I called life.

VII.

Into communion with Father and Son,
into the sharing of all Christ won,
into the love of all things with [him],
into Christ Jesus, tiers over to dwell,
into more blessings than words can tell.

VIII.

Wonderful holiness—draining my cup,
Wonderful purpose, that never gave me
up, wonderful patience that waited so long,
Wonderful power to which I belong.

IX.

Out of my poverty into His wealth,
Out of my blindness into pure health,
Out of the old man into the new,
Out of what measure—the full depth
Out of it all, and at infinite cost.

X.

Into what more that with correspond,
that in which we live, living beyond,
into the union which nothing can sever,
that which satisfies His and my
the deepest of joys ever had,
into the depths of making God glad.

XI.

Wonderful person whom for I'll behold,
Wonderful soul who loves me well,
Wonderful all the dread way he's trod,
Wonderful end—He's brought me to God.

LOOK OUT FOR
THE BIG ANNIVERSARY MEETING
IN SEPTEMBER.

ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

After a recent thunderstorm and very
heavy rain, it was very angry and
unmerciful. It was a silent lightning bolt
to touch one of the poles upon which the
lightning was striking.

The lightning was wet, and the wires
in some way or other coming in contact with
the pole, caused a short circuit.

My hand would be held and touching the
pole, you would immediately receive a
shock.

Electricity could be distinctly seen as it
left the pole and entered your hand.

Of course, there was enough current
enough to injure you, but still you
would feel a strange sensation in your
hand, and if you were to let go of the
pole, the shock came by simply
touching the wood, while the wires, and
the lightning were still in contact.

Now this makes one think of the very
ever present power of electricity.

Even though we are in the presence of
Jesus Christ, that all will,

when he comes into contact might receive
a shock, and so make them think of
things.

We, soldiers of the S.A., especially, when
we feel and useless, ought to be so
filled with the Christ spirit, that when
we come into contact with the world, we
should produce a shock to all around us.

God has called us to be a people
of light, and that as we live by
example, we will be a shock to all around us.

As the wooden pole witnessed to all who
touched it to the presence of the electricity
and the lightning, so we, soldiers of Christ,
will be a shock to all around us.

It is a very bad thing to stand a
distance in water when not being able
to stand, we had to stand on the spot.

Knowing just about how far
we could stand before the shock would
be too strong, we stood out now and then
out for a good so, had to stand.

We can't stand, get out, stand again,
get out down to business. We were
given ample time to look at first what
our anchor was, and when we noticed
that our anchor was not strong enough
so, we realized we needed
something heavier to us down, and
the anchor was not strong enough to hold
us down.

It was almost square, and had a
little inconvenience in to our rope arm
and the anchor was not strong enough
so, we fastened it as well as we could

again bowed to the wreck, after laying
out the anchor, and when we were
safely anchored to stand the ship
up again, we had to stand on the spot.

That was when we noticed that
the anchor was not strong enough
so, we realized we needed
something heavier to us down, and
the anchor was not strong enough to hold
us down.

Again, what greater for to be leavest
that which we have, and to stand
on the spot, and to stand on the spot.

And that is the truth, the
truth of Christ without alloy.

And that is the true meaning of the gift
of salvation, because he has no left

it all with God.

"Now at the Lord's coming will you
not be at the same time? But we do
not know the day or hour when he will
make his appearance; but we know many
wonderful works, only to hear in advance
that he will be bound hand and foot
and darkness."

"My soul, every day as though

you were last, and have the day in
the dead, and the future in God's hands.

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